

Good Morning 711

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Mail's all right, P.O. Bill Spencer

MR. AND MRS. SPENCER, of 73 Beryton Road, Gosport, are a cheery pair.

They enjoy listening to the wireless—what grand news it has been bringing us!—but an even greater source of delight is a letter from Bill.

Bill is Petty Officer William George Spencer, an old St. Vincent boy—ten years in the Royal Navy, and now in submarines.

"As long as I know he is all right, then everything is all right." That's what your mother told us, Bill, and she added: "We both look forward to his letters, and I hope he is getting Violet's letters in return."

Violet is Bill's sister, Mrs. Urry, and she takes over the letter-writing for the old folks, but it is a labour of love. So carry on with your share of the good work, Bill.

Mr. Spencer still potters about the garden, and he has been planting "spuds," carrots, and parsnips for the coming season.

"But I have hardly been able to move since," he declared with a rueful smile.

There are also three or four hens in the garden.

"It was Bill's doings that we

had the fowls," Mrs. Spencer said, "and we have had three eggs to-day."

And you can bet that pleased the old folks, Bill.

Apart from the wireless and their letters, however—Albert, who is an A.B., also writes regularly—Mr. and Mrs. Spencer are never allowed to feel lonely.

Hilda, 17, youngest of the family, has a boy-friend to take her to the pictures, but sisters Ivy and Olive, as well as Violet, are frequently at Beryton Road, and the grandchildren are always welcome visitors.

But there are still some jobs left for you, Bill, when the war in the East is over. The garden's one, and your mother told us, "I shall be glad when Bill comes home to do my lawn."

"He used to trim it up for us, but we can't do it now. It's too much for us; we can't bend."

So there you are, Bill. But while the hens do their duty, no-one will worry much about the garden getting a little untidy until you can lend a hand again.

What say you? Eggs-actly!

Here's kind regards from all your sisters, and a special remembrance from the old folks at home.

This is What Makes the Good Detective

WHAT goes to the making of a good detective? Sherlock Holmes gave first place to analysis and deduction. Sherlock Holmes would not have stood much chance of promotion in the police service, for often enough he did acts that would have landed him in trouble.

I believe that quick observation allied with careful calculation are about the best basis of detection. I instantly think, in support of this, of Detective-Inspector Crutchett.

HE was, in 1914, the instructor of the class held for more than a year for a long time, and it was during the first year of the war of that date that he was set a pretty problem. His class wondered if he would pass the test.

This was no murder case. It began with a request from a Chief Constable in the Midlands to the Yard for help to solve a mystery that seemed beyond the local detective force.

A doctor in the town who was greatly respected and had a big practice was receiving most outrageous letters and postcards. But these were not the usual kind of poison-pen stuff. The epistles were signed, and they were signed by a maid who had at one time been in the employ of the doctor's wife. Frank, open signatures at the end of each astounding charge.

Now, pen-poisoned letters are not any novelty. Mostly they come from women; but seldom if ever are they signed. These came in most unexpected ways—pushed through the letter-box, sometimes thrown indoors through an open window, and often pushed through under the front door.

The doctor had kept the front door under observation for days on end, but nobody ever saw the person push the letters in; and yet they were there when unexpected. So the local police were called in.

The local police kept watch from the outside. They were "baffled" to use a hackneyed term. Letters arrived in spite of the watch kept. A local spiritualist, who turned out not to be a psychic person at all, said the letters and postcards "might have been delivered by a spirit." Well, maybe. But nobody ever saw a letter carried by an unseen spirit delivered at that house.

And then there came what was called a "rackety ghost."

Matters were at this stage when Scotland Yard was called in. Most of the officers who usually handled such cases were engaged at the time on Admiralty or War Office inquiries, for the war had opened up. There was not a man to spare—until somebody suggested Detective-Inspector Crutchett. After all, he was the instructor of detectives.

When the case was put into his hands, all that was available as evidence on which to work was the bundle of letters, some of them anonymous, which had been sent to London by the Chief Constable in the Midlands. Crutchett was handed these and given a few details. He took the next train to Birmingham.

"I happened to have met the doctor some time ago, and I had a talk with him. What I proposed seemed nonsense, maybe, but he consented to do as I asked. He called all his household, wife and servants, into his study, and there we sat. There were five servants and three children and the wife. And the doctor.

"I had a collection of pens and paper, and I served them out, one pen each and one sheet of paper. I explained that we would have a game, A sort of test of penmanship.

"They all thought it was a fine game. They didn't know I was a detective. I dictated a passage very slowly, getting them all to write as I dictated. Twenty minutes later the game ended and the party broke up. I collected the sheets of paper and took them to my room.

"It didn't take me long to run through them. In five minutes I went down and told the doctor I wanted the writer of one of the sheets. And that was the end of the game."

The writer was, Crutchett explained, an under-maid, about eighteen years of age. She was brought into the room before the doctor and the detective.

Crutchett told her that he wanted to look at her room, and the three went to the top of the house. In the room Crutchett asked her to open up her trunk. She said she had lost the key and the trunk was locked.

Crutchett said that was a pity, because he would have to break the trunk open. So she found the key in her pocket.

Inside the trunk, on the tray, was a bunch of envelopes and notepaper like the envelopes and notepaper on which the letters to the doctor were written.

When Crutchett lifted the notepaper out and asked the girl about it, she burst into tears. He let her have a good cry and then asked her to tell why she had done it. She came through without hesitation.

It seems that she just hated the maid who had left and wanted to get her into trouble. When she saw that the letters were causing a stir, she began to misplace things and shift things; and it was she who, watching her chance, dashed into rooms and swiftly removed the keys and the butter and other articles. She had quite enjoyed the commotion she caused.

It took Crutchett exactly two hours to solve the problem and clear up the mystery. He took the next train back to town.

Nothing much, maybe; but it had puzzled the local detectives to the extent that they asked for help. And, anyway, it did show that Crutchett knew his job.

STUART MARTIN

nominates Detective-Inspector Crutchett, the man who solved a complicated poison-pen case in 120 minutes, as the model for all aspiring detectives

favourite comb. The housemaid lost some of her possessions. It looked as if the house was bewitched. They searched the place from cellar to attic for the lost and missing articles. They were not to be found. And the poison-pen letters continued to arrive.

Now, the maid whose name was signed to these letters had been a quiet, respectable maid. She was not the kind to indulge in such wild, irresponsible (and self-incriminating) pranks. Nor, so far as the doctor and his household knew, the sort of person to indulge in the language used.

But, since the police had sometimes come up against "dual personalities," in which quiet, respectable persons showed dark sides to their nature, this maid was watched. The letters arrived at times when she could not possibly have carried them. Nor were the letters in her writing, but they may have been disguised.

As a rule, it takes a detective a few days to get the hang of a case. In a city to which he is a stranger he has a lot to pick up. But when Crutchett landed back the next day and asked to see the Chief there was some surprise. The Chief expected failure.

"I suppose you are up against some mystery," said the Chief as Crutchett entered the office.

Crutchett shrugged his shoulders and laid the packet of letters on his table. "It's solved," he said quietly. "It wasn't very difficult after all."

And then he made his report verbally.

"When I got these letters from you, sir," he said, "I read them all very carefully on the way to Birmingham. I saw that some words were wrongly spelled, seventeen words in all, wrongly spelled. I made a note of them.

He was a most 'Orrible Beast!

A DUMFRIESSHIRE woman, calling in her cows from the marsh fields beside the Solway Firth, suddenly saw a horrible-looking animal coming towards her, apparently from the sea. She ran screaming to the village of Blackshaw and collapsed with fright.

When her neighbours revived her she told them—"A devil

came out of the sea with two horns in his head, and it chased me, roaring and gaping all the way at my heels. I am sure it is not far away."

The villagers looked at one another. None of them felt at all keen to go in search of the terrible beast, but the old school-master plucked up courage, and taking his sword and his bible, went warily down the sea road.

Hardly had he gone a few steps, when there was a loud grunt behind his back, which so terrified him that his hair stood on end, and he, too, collapsed and had to be carried home.

Only stopping to put him to bed, the villagers ran for refuge. Some locked themselves into their house. Others considered the roof the safest place; while a few sought sanctuary in cowsheds and barns.

There they stayed, trembling and saying their prayers, until one of the bolder spirits, venturing down the village street, got a good glimpse of the frightful sea-beast. He gave a great shout—"Why, it's the Gudeman o' the Brows' grumpy!"

Thus, in 1720, Scotland saw its first pig.

It had come from England, a few weeks before, as a present

to a nearby laird, and had escaped from his land.

Though there were still people at Blackshaw who would have nothing to do with the animal, men volunteered to take it home. On the way, the pig went grunting up to two men pulling thistles on a farm.

Scared out of their wits, they jumped on horses to escape it, but the pig got between them and their homes.

They were forced into the Lochar bogs, where one horse was drowned and the other only just rescued from sinking.

Not daring to separate and fearing to talk in more than whispers, they awaited the coming of dawn and then made their way home by a roundabout route. To their families, anxiously awaiting their return, they described how they had been attacked by a creature about the size of a dog, with two horns and cloven feet, which, roaring like a lion, would most certainly have devoured them had they not galloped away.

Meanwhile, the pig, having slept all night at the spot where it had met the two men, waked with dawn and went trotting towards its home.

D.N.K.B.

Leave-time message for A.B. Dennis Brine

HELLO there, A.B. Dennis Brine!

We called on your fiancée, Mary Williams, at 93 Buccleuch-street, (Barrow, and were fortunate enough to find her home on leave from the W.A.A.Fs.

She's looking very well, Dennis. Unfortunately, she still has two rather angry whitlows on her fingers—but they by no means put her out of temper!

Mary's mother is very well, thank you, and is always asking about you. She is so proud of the two tiny submar-

ines on top of the piano. They certainly seem something to be proud of from what we could see.

Everyone had a rare old time on V.E.-Day. In the afternoon and onwards your sister-in-law-to-be, Annie, and her husband, Ben, and the other Annie, all marched off to The Brewery, and as Mary put it to us afterwards, "If your health isn't good from now on, then it ought to be."

Alf (from The Brewery) is slowly recovering from his operation and is getting back to his old self again. Everyone sends their best wishes from



the club and hope to see you soon.

Mary, of course, sends all her love, and says, "Keep smiling, darling—I'll be waiting for you."

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning"

c/o Dept. of C. N. I.,

Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

THE STEWARD PRESENTED HIS BROADSIDE AND GOT SHOT IN HIS SEAT OF HONOUR

"COCK your locks!"—"Take good aim at the object!"—"Fire!"—"Stop your vents!"

The only one of the combatants who appeared to comply with the latter supplementary order was Mr. Easthupp, who clapped his hand to his trousers behind, gave a loud yell, and then dropped down: the bullet having passed clean through his seat of honour, from his having presented his

broadside as a target to the boatswain as he faced towards our hero. Jack's shot had also taken effect, two or three mouthfuls of blood to dinner when I'm ordered, all having passed through both the boatswain's cheeks, without further mischief than extracting two of his best upper double teeth, and forcing through the hole of the farther cheek the boatswain's own quid of tobacco.

As for Mr. Easthupp's ball, as he was very unsettled, and shut his eyes before he fired, it had gone the Lord knows where. The purser's steward lay on the

ground and screamed—the boatswain spat his double teeth and out. How the devil am I to pipe wain spit his mouthfuls of blood to dinner when I'm ordered, all two or three mouthfuls of blood to dinner when I'm ordered, all

"A pretty business, by God" In the mean time, the others

End of This Triangular Duel By Capt. Marryat

had gone to the assistance of the purser's steward, who continued his vociferations.

They examined him, and considered a wound in that part not to be dangerous.

"Hold your confounded bawling," cried the gunner, "or you'll have the guard down here: you're not hurt."

"Han't hi?" roared the steward: "Oh, let me die, let me die; don't move me!"

"Nonsense," cried the gunner, "you must get up and walk down to the boat; if you don't we'll leave you—hold your tongue, confound you. You won't! then I'll give you something to halloo for."

Whereupon Mr. Tallboys commenced cuffing the poor wretch right and left, who received so many swinging boxes of the ear, that he was soon reduced to merely pitiful plaints of "Oh, dear!—such inhumanity—I pur-test—oh dear! must I get up? I can't, indeed."

"I do not think he can move, Mr. Tallboys," said Gascoigne; "I should think the best plan would be to call up two of the

men from the cooperage, and let them take him at once to the hospital."

The gunner went down to the cooperage to call the men. Mr. Biggs, who had bound up his face as if he had a toothache for the bleeding had been very slight, came up to the purser's steward.

"What the hell are you making such a howling about? Look at me, with two shot-holes through my figure head, while you have only got one in your stern: I wish I could change with you, by heavens, for I could use my whistle then—now if I attempt to pipe there will be such a wasteful expenditure of his Majesty's stores of wind, that I never shall get out a note. A wicked shot of yours, Mr. Easy."

"I really am very sorry," replied Jack, with a polite bow, "and I beg to offer my best apology."

During this conversation, the purser's steward felt very faint,

and thought he was going to die.

"Oh dear! oh dear! what a fool I was; I never was a gentleman—only a swell: I shall die; I never will pick a pocket again—never—never—God forgive me!"

"Why, confound the fellow," cried Gascoigne, "so you were a pickpocket, were you?"

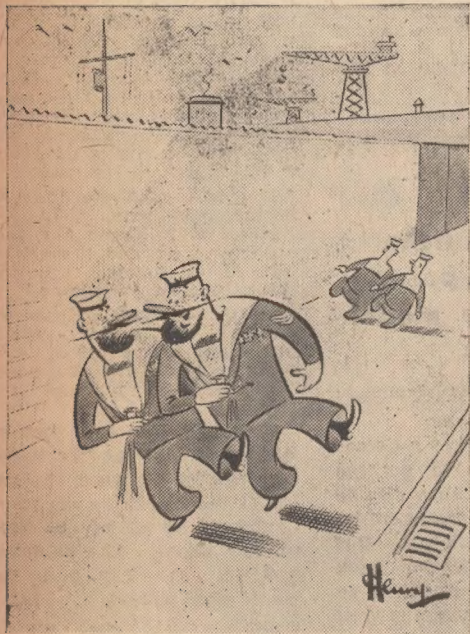
"I never will again," replied the fellow in a faint voice: "Hi'll hamend and lead a good life—a drop of water—oh! lagged at last!"

Then the poor wretch fainted away: and Mr. Tallboys coming up with the men, he was taken on their shoulders and walked off to the hospital, attended by the gunner and also the boatswain, who thought he might as well have a little medical advice before he went on board.

"Well Easy," said Gascoigne, collecting the pistols and tying them up in his handkerchief, "I'll be shot, but we're in a pretty

(Continued on Page 3)

JOKE CORNER



"They're both off the same ship!"



"... And now, by special request, Miss Weston will sing 'My Love Lies Sleeping' with a male chorus!"

QUIZ for today

1. Axema is a skin disease, bird, Greek coin, Antelope?
2. What was Neil Gwynn's real name?
3. When is the next Leap Year?
4. How many active volcanoes are there on the mainland of Europe?

5. Who was the first man to sail round the world?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Sussex, Kent, Essex, Middlesex, Wexsex, Devon.

Answers to Quiz in No. 710

1. Green woodpecker.
2. Adam Smith.
3. England.
4. London Bridge.
5. Endeavour.
6. 12 intrudes in a series made by adding 3 at each step.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

FRANK MORGAN has a unique explanation for the start of his career as a character actor.

Thirty years ago, when he was rivalling his brother Ralph as the leading juvenile of the Broadway stage, he announced to his producer that he was through with juvenile leads; it was character roles or nothing.

"I just got tired of running," he explains. "In those days that's all a juvenile did. He ran on the stage, swinging a tennis racket, shouted his lines on the run, and ran off the stage. Even in my teens I wasn't graceful if I moved faster than a slow walk. So when I was scarcely in my twenties, I dyed my hair grey and became a character actor. I haven't had a run since."

Well, that's his story. . . .

A NEW act now doing the rounds of the halls is something fresh, even for the variety stage. We have had exhibitions of table-tennis and of snooker, but the latest sport to be commercialised in this way is darts.

Champions Jim Pike and Leo Newstead are featured in it, and besides giving individual exhibitions, they play the local champion.

The topical setting is of a bar parlour, and the champions use an illuminated dart-board and indicator, so the audience can see just how the game is going. It's well worth a visit.

DURING his career as a dancer, Fred Astaire has danced something like 50,000 miles, more than enough to take him twice round the world.

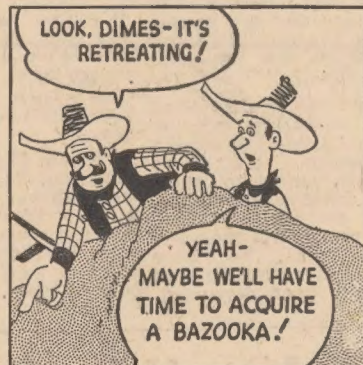
Astaire has a film record of all the dances he has performed for the screen, each of which is entirely original. This film record takes seven hours to run.

ACTOR KEENAN WYNN cannot complain about his screen material for M.-G.-M.'s "Zeigfeld Follies"; he wrote it himself.

Although he has been writing for three years, this is the first time any of his material has been used for the screen.

Now one of his sketches has been accepted for this star-studded film.

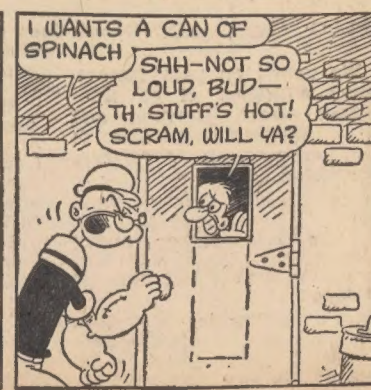
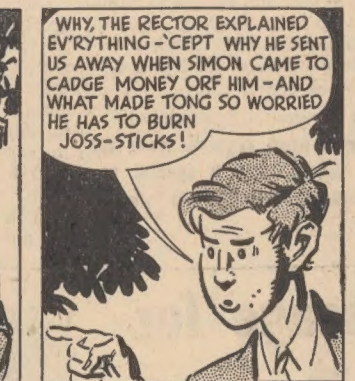
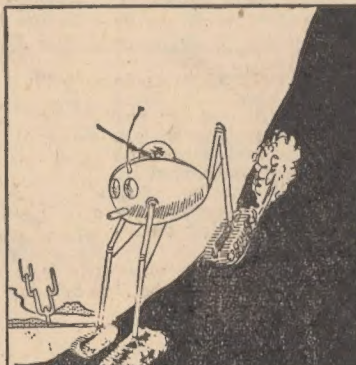
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Triangular Duel

(Continued from Page 2)

scrape; there's no hushing this up. I'll be hanged if I care, it's the best piece of fun I ever met with." And at the remembrance of it Gascoigne laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. Jack's mirth was not quite so excessive, as he was afraid that the purser's steward was severely hurt, and expressed his fears.

"At all events, you did not hit him," replied Gascoigne; "all you have to answer for is the boatswain's mug—I think you've stopped his jaw for the future."

"I'm afraid that our leave will be stopped for the future," replied Jack.

"That we may take our oaths of," replied Gascoigne.

"Then look you, Ned," said Easy; "I've lots of dollars; we may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, as the saying is; I vote that we do not go on board."

"Sawbridge will send and fetch us," replied Ned; "but he must find us first."

"That won't take long, for the soldiers will soon have our description and rout us out—we shall be pinned in a couple of days."

"Confound it, and they say that the ship is to be hove down and that we shall be here six weeks at a broiling sun, and nothing to do but to watch the pilot fish playing round the rudder, and munch bad apricots. I won't go on board; look ye, Jack," said

Gascoigne, "have you plenty of money?"

"I have twenty doubloons, besides dollars," replied Jack.

"Well, then we will pretend to be so much alarmed at the result of this duel, that we dare not show ourselves, lest we should be hung. I will write a note, and send it to Jolliffe, to say that we have hid ourselves until the affair is blown over, and beg him to intercede with the captain and first-lieutenant. I will tell him all the particulars, and refer to the gunner for the truth of it; and then I know that, although we should be punished, they will only laugh; but I will pretend that Easthupp is killed, and we are frightened out of our lives."

"That will be it; and then let's get on board one of the speronares which come with fruit from Sicily, sail in the night for Palermo, and then we'll have a cruise for a fortnight, and when the money is all gone we'll come back."

"That's a capital idea, Ned, and the sooner we do it the better. I will write to the captain, begging him to get me off from being hung, and telling him where we have to the fled to, and that letter shall be given after we have sailed."

They were two very nice lads—Jack Easy and Gascoigne.

THE END

ALEX CRACK

Woman I know said to her husband: "Wonderful progress films have made."

And the husband said: "Amazing. First they moved, then they talked... and now they smell."

Solution to Puzzle in No 710.

1. a s i d e
2. j o l l y
3. f o l l y
4. f l a m e
5. m u m p s
6. t a p i r
7. t r a i l



Familiar Phrases: NIGHT ALARM.

Wangling Words No. 651

1. Behead courageous and get antique.
2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: pringbringunhineandhower.
3. Change SLAM into ENDS in four steps, making a new word at each step by dropping the first letter and adding a letter to the end. (Example: SAME, AMEN, MIEND, etc.)
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I am not the first to — lumps of coal at howling — during the night.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 650

1. H-air.
2. He rode your horse across the park.
3. ARID, RIDE, IDEA, DEAR, EARS.
4. Reacts, traces.

JANE



THE THINGS PEOPLE DO

VICTOR WINSTON MARSH, of Westcliff, will certainly be a seaman when he grows up. The font for his christening the other day was ship's bell of H.M.S. "Westcliff" Shore Station. He was born on VE-Day, and maybe that's why his sailor father gave him his second name.

If ever a man deserved the thanks of a nation it is Mr. Myles Bickerton, ophthalmic surgeon, who lives at Denham, Bucks. He has invented something that will make the children happy, ease the tempers of parents, and prevent many discords in congested neighbourhoods.

It is one of those simple inventions that makes people wonder why they hadn't thought of it years ago. Perhaps some have. But Mr. Bickerton is the man who has got it done.

It's just this—teach the kids to play the piano by having coloured keys and print the music score notes the same colours.

Instead of wondering where the dickens B flat is on the ivories, the smug little girls and boys learning to be piano-punchers will merely match up the key-colour with the notation colour and get the right sound. Easy.

A child can learn the notes of the piano even before it has learned its alphabet. And the method can be applied to almost any musical instrument with a keyboard.

If it weren't for the radio, we might look forward to a melodious atmosphere in suburban life.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Oppose. 6 part of plane. 10 Insect. 11 Stork. 13 Line of type. 15 Suits. 16 Small bird. 18 Guided. 19 Condiment. 20 Pronoun. 21 Litter. 22 Hollow. 23 Supported by. 24 Furnace tenders. 26 Offer. 27 Daggers. 29 Grid-irons. 32 Mat. 33 Sweet. 35 Green parrot. 36 Stockton's river. 37 Apprehend.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Fle. 2 Animate. 3 Silly. 4 Sergeant-Major. 5 Small flap. 6 Thin biscuit. 7 In same place. 8 Negative. 9 Garment insertion. 12 Told. 14 Drink. 17 Warmly. 20 Shell fish. 21 Purchased. 22 Wig. 24 Puts on record. 25 Central. 26 Hop stem. 28 Lath. 30 Eggs. 31 Ocean. 34 Doctor.

Good Morning



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Never allow any child of mine out without a fur coat."



FIRST STEPS.

It must seem an awfully long way to that mattress to this young lady trying out her legs for the first time. But the adventure of walking is worth it, just for the delicious sprawl when she gets there.



WHERE DID YOU GET THAT TILE?

Take a look at that bowler, will you. Isn't that something? And the old gent in the Southern Railway porter's hat! And the little Miss with the straw pancake on her head! Just a happy holiday crowd at Margate in the year 1900.



"COME, SHARE MY LI-LO!"

The more we look at this picture, the more certain are we that Catherine Craig is inviting us to sit down beside her on the air-cushion. What else could that hand mean, patting the spot so enticingly? What else could that beckoning smile mean? Why, thank you, Catherine, we don't mind if we do!



"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you your prospective candidate. He believes in the virtues of enterprise, and is prepared to use strong-arm tactics to gain his objectives. He has come here to-night prepared to answer all your questions. He has a single clear-cut policy. He is a one-word man — and that word is 'Nuts'."